Volume LXII CHICAGO, OCTOBER 29, 1908 Number 9

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Laborers Together

I live not far from thee. I grasp thee not,
Nor solve the mystery in which thou hidest,
But life's sweet good—thy good—through mine is shot,
And when I err, thy silent mandate chidest.

Thy mandate?—or my own! Transcendent thine?—
Or mine by human heritage through ages!
The faiths accumulate at human shrine
At last have merged as one these two bright pages!

In thee I live, and thou no less in me:
Through all eternities we wend together.
In aught can I work answering help for thee?—
Yea, live to add to Love's white wing a feather.

James H. West.

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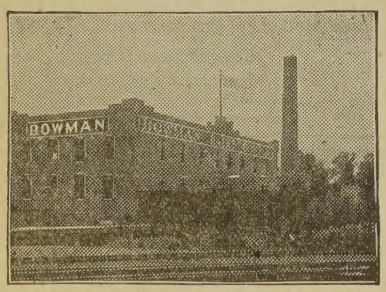

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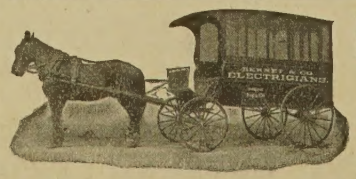

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXII THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1908 NUMBER 9

Like as a child who, through a darkened hall,
Holds fast his mother's hand from room to room,
Athrill with awe and mystery of gloom,
But in her presence feels no fear at all,
I, too, would pass, when I shall hear that call
Which never mortal heard and disobeyed:
When God is with me, shall I be dismayed?
When he upholds me, shall I think to fall?
Though dear and fair the room where now I stay,
The passage dark where Death must lead the way,
I cannot leave my Father's house, I know;
And, just across, what great, divine surprise
May shine at once on these enraptured eyes,
In that large, other room to which I go!

—*Frances Whitmarsh Wile.*

What pitiable waste of brain, steam power and ink in the dreary columns of enterprising journals is given to "straw ballots." Why not wait until next Tuesday when the real count will tell?

China is striking veritably at the root of the mischief. The government has recently decreed that the growing of poppies shall absolutely cease in five of its great provinces, next year. The opium habit, like all other bad habits, is forced upon the weak by the greed of the strong. It is profit in poppy growing, as in whiskey distilling and beer brewing that makes the battle with appetite and the struggle of the weak so pathetic.

A recent commentator on Lincoln speaks of him as having developed his intellect by an intimacy with the Bible, Shakespeare and Euclid. Laying aside all theological claims and credentials, looked at simply as an expression of human nature, as a factor in history, what mighty potency is represented by the Bible! We print in another column the *Literary Digest's* compendium of a long article in the New York *Sun* and commend the reading of it. The tribes of the sea, the solitary islanders, have been brought into the fellowship of civilization and into the high dominion of the printing press, within touch of the college, through the pages of the old Bible, and on this Bible will hang increasingly the story of dead languages, lost tribes, defunct dogmas.

A telegraphic dispatch from Berlin to the current papers tells of the surprise in court circles that the American ambassador, Hill, appears at high functions in plain evening dress without a single star, and that his wife wears no ornaments, not even ear rings, and yet the dispatch says she was the prettiest of them all. The surprise of the German friends and the anxiety of Americans would be greatly reduced by a careful study of Prof. Thomas's article on the "Psychology of Woman's Dress" in the November *American*. No question is more intimately involved with the progress of civilization at the present time than the question of dress. There must be a reform in the wardrobe before there can be much advancement in home life, civic purity or national nobility.

Apropos to the welcome announcement in last week's UNITY of the promised visit to Chicago of the Rev. Charles E. Beals, field secretary of the American Peace Society, early in November, we take pleasure in printing, as further introduction to this missionary of the Universal Gospel, the address which he delivered at the banquet of the Free Religious Association held in Boston last May. Mr. Beals found the platform of that comprehensive society a congenial one, and his topic, "The Church of Tomorrow," is a timely one. We trust that Chicago will know its own when he arrives and that other places in the West will want to hear him. UNITY will be glad to lend its services as advance agent for such a missionary.

A significant congress of Baptists is to be held on November 10-12 at the Memorial Church of Christ on Oakwood boulevard, Chicago. This church itself is the result of a recent fusion between the Memorial Baptist Church and the First Church of The Disciples in Chicago, and Dr. Willett has been installed as its pastor. At this congress, the Baptists and the Disciples will seek closer fellowship. The problem will be presented to the congress by a Disciple from Kentucky, a Free Baptist from Rhode Island and a Baptist from Minnesota. These brethren will do well to guard their differences, but this can only be done by discarding their indifferences. It is not the beliefs of men that form the greatest barrier to religious cooperation and combination, but it is their make-believes.

The wife of Mr. Lloyd George, the most progressive member of the English cabinet at the present time, recently delighted not only her countrymen but all London while making her address at the laying of the foundation stone of a new Welsh chapel, in her mother tongue. "No Welsh people are happy unless they have a Welsh chapel near them," she said. In this statement there is more than a provincial truth. A chapel in some form or another is inseparably allied to the better life of men. The temple reaches a permanent need of human nature and this need grows with

the growth of human nature. The sermons may be criticised as to length, the ritual as dull, the hymns as superstitious, and still in the deep places of life and the high moments of the soul the primacy of the temple is vindicated. It is only in the flippant moods and the shallow moments that the soul smartly disclaims allegiance to and denies its dependence upon the soul.

The series of semi-centennial celebrations of the great battle of giants, the Lincoln-Douglas debates, is closed. In spite of the efforts of poet, historian and orator, we fear the great struggle has been only dimly understood and the lessons thereof feebly enforced. Back of this struggle for office, back of the travail of the nation, one discovers the mighty inspiration of a great cause, the commanding power of ideals. It is splendid to find great masses of people dead in earnest over anything. The great processions winding across the prairies of Illinois, their course indicated by a cloud of dust by day, and a pillar of fire by night, were not too busy, too poor, or too wealthy to give thought to great issues, to be interested in high problems. They had time, money and strength to give, and in giving they did not defraud their little ones or neglect their homes. Are there no issues today of such momentous import as to justify a diversion of time and energy from the narrow devotions to "my business," and to "my children" and "my church" or "my club?"

The last Sunday *Record-Herald* of Chicago has an illustrated page, strikingly illuminated with one of Doré's most lurid pictures of hell and with the portraits of Edward Everett Hale, Lyman Abbot, Russell H. Conwell, Washington Gladden, James H. Buckley and Bishop Fowler, headed with "What Is Hell Like?" All of these men seem to agree that it is something different, perhaps worse than the very tangible hell of the old theology. Bishop Fowler, the Methodist, says that the literal fire and brimstone of unending ages distorts the belief of Methodism. Dr. Buckley, the great Methodist editor, says, "It is a misrepresentation of those who believe that life's probation ends with death and who believe that the majority of the human race will be lost." Dr. Gladden remembers the time when Elder Knapp's fiery rhetoric was taken literally. Lyman Abbott says that God is in all the universe and that where God is there is infinite love, and confesses that the conception he once held he holds no longer. Of course Dr. Hale thinks the old conception of hell is mythology, but Dr. Conwell thinks justice demands a hell. This discussion is interesting reading, but it has a far away unreal flavor. In modern discussion hell must begin at least in the present tense. It must have a terrestrial location. It is now and here most assuredly.

The reality of the fight now on in Chicago between the law and order forces and the so-called liberty leagues, the united societies, which is simply the struggle between the saloon powers and the temperance people, becomes apparent by the study of the most obvious figures. Chicago has eight thousand saloons, which last year represented an estimated trade of $100,000,000. Gambling promoters handled $19,000,000 last year and the horrible traffic of the brothel aggregated probably $20,000,000 more. The decent elements in both the Republican and Democratic parties waged a determined war before the primaries, in trying to secure the nomination of a state's attorney that would be pledged to the enforcement of law on these crucial points. The action of the saloon interests and the measureless capital back of them, succeeded in forcing to the front candidates acceptable to the saloons. That there was abundant fraud practiced at the polls was clearly stated by the judge, who for want of time cut short the investigation and allowed these names to go on the party ballots, and strange and sad to say, the men who so strenuously opposed these men in the primary, are now, many of them, found in the ranks of those who are pleading party loyalty and hurrahing for the men not of their choice. So blind is partisanship, so great is the power of the party fetish, so far reaching is the idolatry of our boasted republic.

There was a unique and impressive hush in the din and clatter on Tremont St., Boston. There was a halt in the hurry of the life on Boston Common, at high noon on the 21st of October when four trumpeters standing in the high belfrey of Park Street Church, a hundred feet above the pavement, played with impressive emphasis the great national hymn, "America." The cornets rang out as the big clock gave the last stroke of twelve, and played through the several verses. Following the example of an aged man, the throng that had gathered below uncovered, and as verse followed verse eyes filled with tears. It was the hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Samuel Francis Smith, the author of "America." A Boston paper says that seven thousand people had gathered to be present at the simple but impressive ceremony. This unique celebration sprang like so many of our inspirations of patriotism out of the fertile brain of Edwin D. Mead, but he did not make it out of whole cloth. Like a good American he is willing to appropriate whatever is beautiful and inspiring in the life on the other side of the sea. There, in a civilization which is in many respects neither old nor effete, he heard the trumpet calling people to a memorial occasion from the high roof of the *rathhaus* in Rothenburg in Bavaria and he said, "This beautiful custom should not be allowed to die." The four cornetists that called the multitude to remember and revere from the belfrey of the old Park Street Church were students from the high schools of Boston. Let others go and do likewise, but let them not overdo it.

Mr. Mead says, "There should seldom be more than one tune played through, never anything in the least

suggestive of a concert." And still the busy man on the corner who is after "results," who wants no "nonsense," who delights in the fact that "This is a practical age"—who, we fear, is in evidence in Boston as in Chicago—will regret this unnecessary interruption of business, this waste of time.

In the going from Chicago of the great dramatic and spiritual sermon on the stage, "The Servant in the House," there has come another searching sermon to command the interest of the theater goers of Chicago. It is not likely that Zangwill's "The Melting Pot" will enlist the attendance or command the approbation that "The Servant in the House" has if for no other reason than that it presents an ideal for which neither Jews nor Gentiles are prepared. Indeed it is an ideal and, consequently in the nature of things, will provoke the distrust of the "practical" and will irritate the headlong promoters of special interests and workers in fields circumscribed by creed or prejudice of race. Zangwill's eloquence was never more firmly planted and the United States never received on the stage a more worthy or glorious characterization than in this play of "The Melting Pot." The "pot" is the United States of America, into which are poured the conflicting diversities of races and religions which, in this crucible of democracy, are to be melted and fused, and the product molded into something new and high; a free man, a cosmopolitan citizen of the world. The movement of the drama is intensely realistic—a Jewish victim of Russian persecution finds himself in America and meets his ideal in another Russian refugee, a noble heart that has fled from the tyranny of the higher caste, the Christian Orthodoxy. Yielding to the divine harmony, they join hands to fight the battle of life together. That the forces of civilization are inimical to the cruel barriers of creed and tradition, that race distinctions are largely the fabrications of society, a perpetuation of the prejudices, rivalries and bloody wars of more primitive times, is the unquestioned conclusion of scientists. We do not know when, obviously it will not be at any definite "when," but that the melting process is going on no one can doubt, and that it will continue until the masses fuse, not into a monotony or a stupid harmony, but into men and women with living ideals, we cannot doubt. This play of Zangwill's is a mighty prophecy, an eloquent plea, a convincing argument, and his prediction is not something cast in the far off centuries. It boldly states a condition that now is. More than a grateful people realize, the United States is today the "Land of the free and the home of the brave," and the antagonisms and cruelties portrayed in the drama are ameliorated and to a great extent abolished in the United States. The class distinctions which are still drawn in many quarters are not mainly rooted in theological or philosophical antagonism, but in the superficial systems of the rich, the social anxieties of the fashionable. The Jew receives most of the social indignities in the United States for the same reason that the Jewish women exploit the extravagant absurdities of the Merry Widow hat, because they want to be in style, and would not be peculiar. These social distinctions are annoying, and may be galling, but in the main they are born out of wealth and fashion rather than out of the dogmatic convictions of religion or even the blind prejudice of tradition and the tyranny of unjust laws. They are fostered in the summer hotel more than in the class room or prayer meeting. They demand another treatment, and the remedy will come from other directions. Zangwill's sermon is as impractical and untimely as was the demand of his forerunners, the older prophets of his race, Micah, Isaiah and the rest. Their demands did not work; their ideal was not realized. So here. But they were true. So here.

The Falling of the Faithful

So rapidly does the chariot of time carry us that it has been impossible for Unity to take fitting note of the ingathering of some of its oldest friends and most loyal supporters.

It is never too late to speak of the true and the brave, and although weeks have passed since James G. Train, of Baraboo, Wisconsin, found rest and release in the seventy-eighth year of his age, he still stands in our memory as a stalwart among the stalwarts; one whose interest in Unity and the cause it represents was older than Unity. He gave it cordial welcome at its birth his last message, outside of his family, was to Unity, and his last money contribution was to its perpetuation fund. We borrow the words of a mutual friend and say:

> "It had never occurred to me that he could die. Ever since I have known him he seemed to be a perfect specimen of physical manhood. I never knew him to be ailing, but always robust and hearty and enjoying life. I had great admiration for Mr. Train's ability. He was a man of unusual intellectual force and acuteness and would have shone in any profession he might have followed, and especially in the law, for which he had qualified himself, if he had not given it up for the simpler life. His ideals were noble, his sympathies warm, resulting in a lavish generosity towards his neighbors. He was very dear to me and I share in no small degree the great loneliness that has come to you by his so quietly slipping into the 'other room.'"

Mr. Train was a pioneer, physically and spiritually. He broke new ground. Away back in the '50s and the '60s he stood shoulder to shoulder with Ichabod Codding of blessed memory, whose religion was not separated from his politics, whose piety necessitated a love of freedom. Under the inspiration of Mr. Codding and the co-operation of Mr. Train and others, the Free Congregational Church of Baraboo was founded and for many years it held aloft the lamp of reason in the realm of religion; and when this lamp was no longer held aloft it was not because darkness overcame it, but because the daylight had come and the illumination came from all around.

A few days after the passing of this strong lay-preacher, another valiant son of Wisconsin fell on sleep in an adjoining county. Rev. A. A. Hoskin's

place in the UNITY household was a quiet and comparatively obscure one, but to those at the center his encouragement was refreshing and his fidelity inspiring.

When Albert was but three years of age his parents came by ox teams from his birthplace in New York to Rock county, Wisconsin. Of Quaker ancestry, he early gave himself to the Methodist ministry, abandoning his circuit for a private's position in the Sixteenth Wisconsin regiment, in which he served until stricken by disease. At the close of the war he returned to his chosen occupation, serving as pastor at many points. But at last, after a period of exhaustion, perhaps during this period, his mind outgrew the theological garments of his boyhood. The Methodist church declined his further services and he organized an independent church, known as the Union Gospel Church, in Milwaukee, over which he presided successfully for several years. Again once more the body failed to carry the load, and he sought renewal in Colorado, where he became interested in scientific and philosophical studies and became a factor in the intellectual life of that new state. In 1897 the venturesome spirit once more undertook his chosen work. He organized and led the Unitarian movement at Pueblo. Again the inevitable happened, and he had to relinquish the pulpit, but continued his ministrations in connection with the juvenile court, which he helped institute, with the Pueblo Philosophical Society, and which he organized. Still three years more of heroic battling with weakness in Denver, then back to Montfort, Wisconsin, where the valiant soldier was mustered out of service and the tired body was taken back for burial on the high grounds of Colorado.

During these last years his intercourse with UNITY was always of the most loving and loyal kind. With the waning of his interest in theological dogma there grew an interest in sociological and patriotic problems. His heart as well as his mind found relief in the writing of poems and hymns. One who knew him well says:

"To him there seemed to be but one great form of religion, a sentiment which is native in every human being, which should not be circumscribed by any schisms, creeds, dogmas, denominations, sects or names. Nature was to him a never-ceasing source of interest. At various times he was actively interested in bettering the condition of the dumb brutes. He was keen in the work of the humane societies in the cities where he lived. He furthered the legislation that created the reserve of the region in the southwestern portion of Colorado containing the relics of the prehistoric people known as the 'Cliff-dwellers.'

"Despite the evolution of his views on all religious subjects, he never antagonized persons of differing ideas. He reasoned that people were made to entertain individual faiths, each one to the best of his own conscience. Thus he maintained to the end the love of former brothers in the Methodist and Unitarian churches, and it is significant that he passed away in the arms of a devout Methodist minister, who preached a touching funeral sermon in his church while the last rites were performed at the grave in Denver by David Utter, the Unitarian minister."

Thus are the links of the heroic band shifted but not broken. Here or over there, in life or in death, the cause triumphs by the words and the deeds of the faithful, and religion is justified by the lives of the saints.

THE PULPIT

The Church of Tomorrow

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY THE REV. CHARLES E. BEALS, PASTOR OF THE PROSPECT STREET CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, CAMBRIDGE, BEFORE THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, BOSTON, MASS., MAY 29, 1908.

If there is to be a church tomorrow, it will be because the church of today is a progressive church. I speak, then, to the theme of progressive religion.

Religion, I take it, is the bond which binds man to God. It would seem, then, that the more we can know about these two parties, God and man, the better we shall understand the relation between them. Although we do not know so much to-day, in this scientific age, about God as the old theologians did—although, as a Philistine has said, it is better not to know so much than to be a theologian and know so much that is not so—yet, watching his works, obthat which is characteristic of the Deity, is that he serving the method of his operations, we see that achieves his ends by the process and method of growth. This is not only true of the corn harvest, and of the slower coal harvest, but also of the more difficult idea and ideal harvest. And on the other side, when we consider man, we see that his distinguishing characteristic is his capacity for growth.

I once heard the venerable Bishop Carman, the father of Bliss Carman, say that Jesus Christ died for the multiplication-table; and he then went on to say that because man was capable of the multiplication-table, God thought that he was worth a great sacrifice. Now, I suppose an educated horse can do very many wonderful things, but I never heard of any of the lower animals that had mastered *in toto* the multiplication-table. And it is in this great capacity for growth that we think we have one of the strongest intimations of immortality. As a wise man has said, "If there be not immortal progress, then the blessed will end in a state of oblivion."

When to this fact that God achieves his ends by growing things, and that man's distinguishing characteristic is his capacity for growth, we add the fact that all living things grow or die, we are all the more inclined to believe that religion, if it be a living and vital thing, must be a progressive thing.

Now, what is there that shall make possible or guarantee or necessitate eternal progress in religion? I answer that question, which is a fair one, in a frank way, by saying that it is because of religion's flying goal.

"The fiend that man harries is love of the best."

We attain a certain ideal; we measure up and realize our conception of the religious life; but, having climbed to this new height, we see that there are peaks on beyond that are higher than anything we have yet done. And so, as a Scottish philosopher has told us, it is because there is so much of the divine nature in man, so much of essential deity in the human personality, that he never can be contented while there is a gap remaining between his ideal and his actual self. As Professor Palmer says, we never can say, "I am a person"; we can only say, "I am aspiring and struggling to be a person." This only means a certain stage on the way toward realization. We always are not, but we ever hope to be.

I heard a story about a little boy who tumbled out of bed one night. His nursie picked him up and said, "Tommie, how did it happen?" and Tommie said,

wiping his eyes and boo-hoo-ing, "I suppose it was because I was sleeping too near where I got in." I think that is the way with the religious life of a great many of us. We are sleeping too near where we got in. We stopped. The period comes of which John Robinson spoke long ago—we cease to grow.

Now, what is true of the individual is also true of institutional religion. When a church which has had a great task, which has been born out of great sacrifice, ceases to be a church of use and becomes a religion of mere usage, then God rejects it. Oftentimes we hear people tell us that the church is a divine institution, and that, because founded by God, it cannot die. We have only to point to history and show them church after church, score after score of churches, that have died—churches just as truly founded of God as the Protestant church today—rejected of God. And I will tell you how you can tell when God has rejected a church. When men have ceased to find a church humanly useful, when men have passed by the church and rejected it and discarded it because it was no longer helpful, then you may make up your mind that God has rejected that church also; for the church was made for man and not man for the church.

I should like to develop this thought more at length, but I pass on to say that not only must religion be a living and progressive thing, but that its interpretation must be a progressive and living and fresh interpretation in each age. In one of the chapels in Florence is a picture by a famous artist of the Middle Ages. It is a picture of Christ walking the waves and extending his saving arm to rescue Peter, who is sinking beneath the billows. In order that every beholder may know that a storm is on, the artist, with his mediæval conception of things, has painted in, upon the clouds, some little beings like babies or cherubs, with blow-guns, blowing against the sails. That is the conventional way of telling the people of the Middle Ages that there is a storm. It is all very ludicrous to us today—there are other ways of representing a storm; but sometimes I think we have conceptions embodied in the old creeds which are as ridiculous, as obsolete, as the cherubs with blow-guns against the sails of those ships. We live in a scientific age. Science has marched on in the face of steady opposition and persecution. Scientists have been burned, scientists have been ostracized, but science has driven dogma from ditch after ditch, even to the last trench. Dogma and authority in the end have had to surrender. Men were burned, and their books were burned, but truth has marched on, as it ever does and as it ever will.

Now, if the church will adopt the laboratory spirit, and the laboratory method; if the church will be open and aboveboard, and tell its honest thinking; if the church, without mental reservation or equivocation, will give its simple message in an honest and understandable way; if the church will put facts above formulæ, and subordinate creeds to reality, then the church will have a hearing in a scientific age. But if the church, in the spirit of the "big stick," says to people, "You must swallow what we put into your mouth, without winking"—which is the "big stick" idea of authority—then the church will receive an increasing—what shall I say?—neglect? The world, which is moving, will move by. The church will stand still, and may continue to scowl and say: "This is not religion, and that is not religion," but the world will continue to advance. And so the plea is for a re-interpretation, a re-expression, from the viewpoint of today; for people insist on beginning where we are, and not beginning from the vision-point of the people of the Middle Ages. There must be this progress in vision, this re-interpretation; there must be a re-birth of doctrine as well as the re-birth of experience.

The third and most important thing that I shall say—and I must gallop along and not amplify these things, but simply throw them out in the way of suggestion—is that there must be not only a re-birth of religious experience and the re-interpretation of religious truths, the re-birth of doctrine, but in a similar manner there must be a re-birth of application of religion, a re-birth of ethics. Just as doctrine is a progressive thing, and orthodoxy an advancing thing—not a static thing, but a dynamic thing—so we find ethics progressive, advancing. One need not go far to find illustrations. Take, if you will, the subject of slavery. We did not think much about the evil of slavery, even here in New England, in the days of our great-great-grandfathers. If it had paid, I suppose we should have gone on holding slaves. But today it is an unbearable thought. I know they say that over in the Congo the slave traffic is on; but just as soon as the Christian governments of the world satisfy themselves that these charges are true, just as soon as they can sift the evidence and find out whether it be a fact or the prejudice of missionaries, then I for one am satisfied that the nations of the earth will say to Leopold and to his servants, "This thing must stop; it cannot go on; we are done with slavery." The conscience of the world has moved on, and the thought of chattel slavery, the thought of a person being owned by another person, is an intolerable thought, because we have felt the growing pangs of sympathy—that most intolerable of pains and noblest of pains, the pain of sympathy—the valuation of a person, the Christian valuation of personality.

Or you might take war, for example. How different are our minds today from what they were three hundred years ago, as Mr. Emerson illustrates by the case of Lord Cavendish. Lord Cavendish headed an expedition, and in the report to his sovereign of his doings he began something like this: "It has pleased Almighty God to enable me to enter so many ports and burn so many ships, and to set fire to so many houses and take so much spoil." Just think of it today. Why, if a man should start out on an expedition like that, every fleet in the world would be marshaled on the high seas, and piracy of that kind would stop, because the customs, the ethics even, of war have passed on and upward. We have gone so far that we can see that the history already made is prophetic of the history that is to be. We are to go on and consummate the utter elimination of war.

We hold up some new ideal and say to the church of Christ, "Come up to this"; and there is great soul-searching, there is great travail of conscience—and the new ideal is born. As an English writer has said, we do the old things, but after the lifting up of the new ideal we do them under protest of conscience. A certain reform is achieved. We are out of debt; we now have measured up to the elimination of slavery, and are measuring up to the elimination of war, and we are holding up new ideals and are ready to go into debt to the newer and finer and diviner things that are coming to light in the world.

Where shall we begin in this application? I tell my people that the place to begin is where the need is strongest, where the pressure is fiercest, where the burden is most intolerable. Begin anywhere. If it

be in the temperance problem, put your pressure right into the center of that. If it be the war problem, the peace ideal, bring all the batteries of ideal right to the center of that problem. If it be the industrial problem, the world problem, then let the ideal of the Prince of Love point an application right at the center of things.

What will be the result? Ah, the result will be that your religion, which you have forgotten to think about for a while because you are so busy applying it, will come as a new experience, a re-birth. As Mr. Robert A. Wood, of our city, says to you, it will give you a contemporaneous, dynamic actuality, namely, enthusiasm. That is what the religion of the world is lacking today—enthusiasm. It does not seem real enough to be worth dying for, and the thing that will make it seem real, the thing that will make it seem a joy to die for it, will be to apply it to these great central, commanding problems that God has given to us to bring out our chivalry, to enable us to enjoy the cross of redemptive suffering.

Sometimes I dream. I dream of the Christian of tomorrow, and in my dream he is a threefold man. He is first the mystic, the saint, the man who knows God at first hand—as an old master-thinker said, "Not a grandson, but a son, of the Holy Spirit." He is, secondly, the statesman, the scholar, the man who knows history, who knows books, the man who knows humanity's mistakes, the man who has felt humanity's aspirations, the man who can build for tomorrow, the man who can think ahead of his fellows, the man who can tell his fellow-beings in what direction the world is moving, in what direction evolution and God are making, in what direction he must go if he would go with God and succeed in evolution. And, thirdly, he will be not only the man of mystic vision and high religious experience, not only the broad-visioned and clear-eyed man, the statesman and scholar, but he will also be the brother—he will be the servant of the Lord's servants. And this threefold man, this new Christian, this new incarnation of the Holy Ghost, it seems to me, will be God's fitting expression in the church of tomorrow, to which the church of today is looking—saint, statesman, servant.

I am not afraid to study any problem that bears upon human welfare. I am not afraid of anything that promises a remedy; I am not afraid of any challenge that the world can offer to a real religion. I am not afraid of any tag that a scoffing world may put upon my back. I am not afraid of any economics that is imported from Germany or from Australia. I say, give me the truth. Let me have the laboratory method. Let me experiment, and if my old notions are incomplete or untrue, show me the larger, show me the more complete, show me the more accurate, and I will discard the impediment of the less perfect, and will thank you for giving me the larger and the finer and the truer. So God is saying to us, by the great challenge of the industrial problems and the other great problems of today, this great problem that the working people of the world are working at—is saying to us, "The music sets the march step; forward, then!"

Everything harmonizes with me, which is harmonious to thee, O Universe. Nothing for me is too early nor too late which is in due time for thee. Everything is fruit to me which thy seasons bring, O Nature; from thee are all things, in thee are all things, to thee all things return.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

STUDY TABLE

Notes

From Funk & Wagnalls I get one of the best books yet published bearing on the subject of mind cure. It is entitled "Mind, Religion and Health," by Rev. Robert MacDonald. It is a manly and a scholarly production. It sees the universe from the spiritual standpoint. It goes perhaps a little too far away from the Haeckel standpoint, as shown in "The Riddle of the Universe," which was too sorely materialistic. I say empahtically the book will pay you for a thorough perusal. Among his illustrative headings we find that from Walt Whitman, "One world is away and by far the largest to me, and that is myself"; and this also from Sir J. Stephen, "Happy is he who acts as the Columbus of his own soul."

Jennings & Graham, of Cincinnati, are publishing a list of biographical sketches, entitled "Men of the Kingdom." Among these are Wycliffe, Savonarola, John Huss, Erasmus, John Knox, Fenelon, and John Calvin. The volume before me is Hildebrand, that mighty character in the Papal church, who succeeded in conquering the world and establishing the Hierarchy. This was done five hundred years before Luther, and Roman Catholic Christianity dictated to the world. It looked like a permanent establishment of power. On the contrary, just there began the breakdown leading to the completion of a reformation in 1500 by Luther. The Reformation was cumulative and progressive through all these five hundred years. Just so today, the rule of science and common sense is cumulative toward a complete destruction of bigotry and superstition about the year 2000. This has also been the work of the five hundred years following Luther. This big-hearted fellow only began the work of reform.

From McMillan Co. I have "Home Life in Germany," by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. It is a capital book for quiet hours, and to warm up your life toward other people and broaden it out of its innate narrowness.

Funk & Wagnalls send me "The Palace of Danger," by Mabel Wagnalls; a novel of the times of the Pompadour and King Louis. It is a good story, both from the historical and the literary standpoint. It is clean and sweet, although the topic is nauseating.

From McClure I get Booth Tarkington's last novel, "The Guest of Quesnay." I have not read this volume through, but I have not yet read anything from Mr. Tarkington that did not deserve a thorough perusal. I wish however that I might open, not only this, but all other novels without stumbling at once upon coarse and profane clauses although used to illustrate base characters. I am sorely afraid that Mr. Tarkington is not giving us his best work, such as we got in "The Gentleman from Indiana."

One of the most startling books of the season, and from a literary standpoint one of the best, is "The Man Who Ended War," published by Little, Brown & Co. This is really a sterling piece of work. I have enjoyed every page of it. It is by Hollis Godfrey. From the same house comes another delightful book called "Three of a Kind;" that is, an old musician, a newsboy and a dog. It is written by Richard Burton, and will do you lots of good to read. This house manages to

get hold of the best manuscripts, and I am always sure that nothing in the way of trash will come from Little, Brown & Co. In this case the dog is a genuine character; the boy is just right as a boy; and the old musician could not be improved.

From Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. I have a copy of President Woodrow Wilson's address to the students of Princeton University, entitled "The Free Life." There are some things in this bit of a book that are worth learning by heart. Here is one of them: "Learning has come into the world, not merely to clear men's eyes and give them mastery over nature, but also to keep them young—never staled, always new, like the stars and the hills and the vagrant winds, which make nothing of times or occasions." And here is another: "If Christ is adjusted to all ages, he is confined to none. There is in him constant renewal, the fresh undying quality that draws direct from the sources of knowledge and conduct."

I gave you recently a thoroughly well deserved notice of a book by Gene Stratton Porter, on birds, but in some way the publisher's name got omitted. It is the Bobbs Merrill Company, of Indianapolis. They manage to get hold of some marvelously fine manuscripts, and they have the knack of publishing them superbly.

I have from the Macmillans "The Diva's Ruby," one of Marion Crawford's novels, and, so far as I have read it, one of the best. It certainly is a wonderfully entertaining book.

From Mitchell Kennerley, of New York, I have a tiny little volume, called "The Shropshire Lad." It will not cost you much to put this little book in your pocket, and make yourself twice as happy while you are rambling around through the scarlet leaves of autumn and the cherry blossoms of spring.

Do you read the *National Geographic Magazine?* It is published by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C., and you will read every line of every page of every number—if you have it.

From Funk & Wagnalls I have a couple of books, entitled "A Junior Congregation" and "The Lure of the City." The first is a fairly helpful book; and I think the second would be to a class—probably the larger class of church goers. I am not interested in either of them. E. P. Powell.

Book Reviews

"The Genius of Free-Masonry." By J. T. Buck, Indo.-Am. Co., Chicago. This work is an interesting, but somewhat violent contrasting of the history and present purposes of Roman clericalism with the spirit or what is termed the "genius" of Free-Masonry. Not to Roman Catholics as individuals, not to many in the priesthood, and not even to the hierarchy on a purely religious basis, but to the politico-ecclesiastical trend of the "Infallible Ruler" and his governing Cardinals does the author express bitter opposition and warning. He claims that the Roman Church, having lost much of its power abroad, is seeking a controlling church and state interest in the United States by the acquisition of largely untaxed wealth, and by the placing of the political "balance of power" under its domination through the influence of its two million votes largely controlled by religious fear, despotic dictation and ignorance. Against this "menace to civilization" he exhorts all Free-Masons to use their equal voting power and every other at their command. For Free-Masonry, he holds, embodies through the evolution of man to Master and from Master to God, and through immortality of the soul, the principles of true liberty, mental and spiritual, happiness, progress and enlightenment accomplished by ethical living, self-mastery, justice, equity, and fraternal unselfishness, as inculcated in the Sermon on the Mount and expressed in impressive ceremonies and initiations calculated to reduce these virtues to a moral science for daily living.

"The Kingdom of Love." By Henry Frank. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. This is a book of exceptional scope, treating of universal advancement, and, in its broadest sense, of the love principle, in such a way as to harmonize admirably modern evolutionary and materialistic tendencies with the underlying spirit of orthodoxy. It emphasizes first that Love and God are the same all-pervading, beautifying cosmic principle, including the social, mutual affinity and mother principles as well as the healing grace; and next, that contemplation of life's ideals along these lines presents practical encouragement to the pessimistic and needy toward social progress and individual development, and suggests to the more fortunate the cultivation of deeper sympathy. In short it holds that God and man when merged in the exercise of Love's beatific powers are one, that earth's crowning glory is the attainment of high ideals and unselfish ends, and that the Resurrection is but to rise from the delusion of the senses and the Death dream to the light of the spirit and the brighter progression of eternal life.

J. R. C.

Books Received

The Macmillan Company:
- "The Atoning Life." By Henry Sylvester Nash. 148 pp. Price, $1, net.
- "The Kindergarten in American Education." By Nina C. Vandewalker, B. L., M. Pd. 274 pp. Price, $1.25, net.
- "The Seeming Unreality of the Spiritual Life." By Henry Churchill King. 256 pp.
- "The Inward Light." By H. Fielding Hall. 228 pp. Price, 1.75, net.

A. C. McClurg & Co.:
- "Health and Happiness." By Rt. Rev. Samuel Fallows, D. D., LL. B. 273 pp. Price, $1.50, net.
- "The Last Voyage of the Donna Isabel." By Randall Parrish. 367 pp. Price, $1.50.

Longmans, Green & Co.:
- "Leadership." By Rt. Rev. Charles H. Brent. 259 pp. Price, $1.25, net.
- "A Mind That Found Itself." By Clifford Whittingham Beers. 363 pp. Price, $1.50, net.

R. F. Fenno & Co.:
- "The Mastery of Mind in the Making of a Man." By Henry Frank. 234 pp. Price, $1.
- "An Occultist's Travels." By Willy Reichel. 244 pp. Price, $1.
- "The Discovery of the Soul." By Floyd B. Wilson. 247 pp. Price, $1.
- "Tamar Curze." By Berthe St. Luz. 206 pp. Price, $1, net.
- "The Heavenly Life." By James Allen. 84 pp. Price, 50 cents.

B. W. Huebsch:
- "The Use of the Margin." By Edward Howard Griggs. 64 pp. Price, 50 cents, net.
- "Where Knowledge Fails." By Earl Barnes. 60 pp. Price, 50 cents, net.
- "Things Worth While." By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. 71 pp. Price, 50 cents, net.
- "The Religion of a Democrat." By Charles Zueblin. 190 pp. Price, $1, net.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:
- "Old Paths and Legends of the New England Border." By Katherine M. Abbott. 408 pp. Price, $3.50.
- "Christian Science; the Faith and Its Founder." By Lyman

P. Powell. 261 pp. Price, $1.25, net.
"Thinking, Feeling, Doing." By E. W. Scripture, Ph. D., M. D. 261 pp. Price, $1.75, net.
"A Commentary." By John Galsworthy. 263 pp. Price, $1.50, net.
"The Problem of Age, Growth and Death." By Charles S. Minot. 280 pp. Price, $2.50, net.
"Shakespeare Proverbs." Collected by Mary Cowden-Clarke. 320 pp. Price, $1.50, net.
"Vital American Problems." By Harry Earl Montgomery. 384 pp. Price, $1.50, net.
"Flower of the Dusk." By Myrtle Reed. 341 pp. Price, $1.50, net.
"The Twentieth Century American." By H. Perry Robinson. 463 pp. Price, $1.75, net.
"Literary Reviews and Criticisms." By Professor Hall Frye. 312 pp. Price, $1.25, net.
"The Roman Empire." By H. Stuart Jones, M. A. 475 pp. Price, $1.50.
"Villa Rubein." By John Galsworthy. 299 pp. Price, $1.50.
"The School Master." By Arthur Christopher Benson. 169 pp. Price, $1.25, net.
"The Religion of the Veda." By Maurice Bloomfield, Ph. D., LL. D. 300 pp.
"An Incarnation of the Snow." By F. W. Bain. 108 pp. Price, $1.25.
"Racial Contrasts." By Albert Gehring. 237 pp. Price, $1.50, net.
"How to Cook Meat and Poultry." By Olive Green. 504 pp. Price, $1, net.
"The Great Fight." By William Henry Drummond. 158 pp. Price, $1.25, net.
"At Large." By Arthur Christopher Benson. 425 pp. Price, $1.50, net.
"Judith of the Cumberlands." By Alice MacGowan. 460 pp. Price, $1.50.
"First and Last Things." By H. G. Wells. 307 pp. Price, $1.50, net.
"A Physician to the Soul." By Horatio W. Dresser. 171 pp. Price, $1, net.
"The Island Pharisees." By John Galsworthy. 371 pp. Price, $1.50.

Dodd, Mead & Co.:
"Patty's Friends." By Carolyn Wells. 283 pp. Price, $1.25.
"The Mighty Hunter in Toyland." By Elizabeth M. Gordon. Price, $1.

Progressive Literature Company:
"The Doom of Dogma and the Dawn of Truth." By Henry Frank. 299 pp. Price, $1.50.
"Living Ideals." By Eugene Delmar. 131 pp. Price. $1.

Open Court Publishing Company:
"Jesus and Modern Religion." By Edwin A. Rumball. 155 pp. Price, 75 cents, net.
"Bel, the Christ of Ancient Times," By Hugo Radau. 55 pp.
"The Philosopher's Martyrdom." By Paul Carus. 69 pp. Price, 50 cents.

A. Flanagan Company:
"The Story in Primary Instruction." By Samuel B. Allison, Ph. D., and H. Avis Perdue. 175 pp.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.:
"The Leaven of Love." By Clara Louise Burnham. 330 pp.
"A Happy Half-Century." By Agnes Repplier. 249 pp. Price, $1.10, net.

University of Chicago Press:
"The Life of Christ." By Isaac B. Burgess. 307 pp. Price, $1, postpaid.
"Jerusalem in Bible Times." By Lewis B. Paton. 167 pp. Price, $1.09, postpaid.

Cambridge University Press:
"Early English Literature." By Edmund Dale, M. A., D. Litt. 337 pp. Price, 8 shillings, net.

Sweet Joy on earth is seeking
To find a happy home;
He cares not if to palace
Or to cottage he shall come.
He looks in heart of peasant,
He looks in heart of king;
To those who joy are giving
Sweet Joy himself will bring,
And by their hearts' warm firesides
Will sit and smile and sing.
—*Lydia Avery Coonley.*

The truth is truth whether it is believed or not. It doesn't hurt the truth not to be believed, but it hurts you and me if we don't believe it.—*Hepworth.*

My Attic Room—In Lofty Altitude

This is my attic room,—sit down, my friend;
My swallow's nest is high and hard to gain;
My stairs are long and steep, but at the end
The rest repays the pain.

For here are peace and freedom; room for speech
Or silence, as may suit a changeful mood.
Society's hard by-laws do not reach
This lofty altitude.

You hapless dwellers in the lower rooms
See only bricks and sand and windowed walls;
But here, above the dust and smoky glooms,
Heaven's light unhindered falls.

So early in the street the shadows creep,—
Your night begins while yet my eyes behold
The sapphire lake, the wide horizon's sweep,
Flooded with sunset gold.

The day comes earlier here. At morn I see
Along the roofs the eldest sunbeams peep;
I live in daylight, limitless and free,—
While you are lost in sleep.

I catch the rustle of the maple leaves,
I see the breathing branches rise and fall,
And hear, from their high perch along the eaves,
The bright-necked pigeons' call.

Far from the parlors, with their garrulous crowds,
I dwell alone, with little need of words;
I have mute friendships with the stars and clouds,
And love-trysts with the birds.

So all who walk steep ways in grief and night,
Whose every step is full of toil and pain,
May see, when they have gained the sharpest height,
It has not been in vain.

Since they have left behind the noise and heat,
And tho' their eyes drop tears, their sight is clear,—
The air is purer and the breeze is sweet,
And the blue heavens more near.
—*Florence Percy, Boston, 1866.*

Professor Thomas' article on "The Psychology of Woman's Dress" in the November *American Magazine* is full of interesting facts. For example, the following:

"The dress of woman has, in fact, become so incorporated in business that, as Sir Henry Maine has pointed out, the greatest calamity which could be conceived as befalling great populations would be, not a sanguinary war, a desolating famine, or a deadly epidemic, but a revolution in fashion under which 'women should dress, as men practically do, in one material of one color. There are many flourishing and opulent cities in Europe and America which would be condemned by it to bankruptcy or starvation, and it would be worse than a famine or pestilence in China, India and Japan.' That is to say, any great change in our industrial system must be gradual not to be calamitous.

"An inventory of the activities of the world will show the extent of business carried on by man largely as a means of supplying woman with those accessories which she uses to charm him. The materials which she demands are rare, costly, varied and changeable, and the members of the learned, professional, and artistic occupations combined are outnumbered by those whose business is to manufacture and sell objects relating to woman's dress. In France alone there are more than two and a half millions of workers on clothing and the materials of clothing, and about a million of workers in textiles. The annual silk output of the United States and Europe is valued at four hundred million dollars, and the textile output at nearly four billions—all mainly for women."

THE HOME

(Contributions for this department should be sent to Mrs. William Kent, Kentfield, Marin Co., California.)

Helps To High Living

Sun.—Loyalty means giving the self to the cause.
Mon.—The art of giving is learned by giving.
Tues.—Idealize your cause.
Wed.—Regard every loyal man as your leader in the service of the cause of universal loyalty.
Thurs.—Disloyalty is moral suicide.
Fri.—Whoever is loyal wins, whatever his social station, and precisely in so far as he is loyal.
Sat.—In so far as it lies in your power, so choose your cause and so serve it that, by reason of your choice, there shall be more loyalty in the world rather than less.

—*Josiah Royce, in the Philosophy of Loyalty.*

With a First Reader

Dear little child, this little book
  Is less a primer than a key
To sunder gates where wonder waits
  Your "open sesame."

These tiny syllables look large;
  They'll fret your wide, bewildered eyes;
But "Is the cat upon the mat?"
  Is passport to the skies.

For, yet a while, and you shall turn
  From Mother Goose to Avon's swan;
From Mary's lamb to grim Khayyam,
  And Mancha's mad-wise Don.

You'll writhe at Jean Valjean's disgrace;
  And d'Artagnan and Ivanhoe
Shall steal your sleep; and you shall weep
  At Sidney Carton's woe.

You'll find old Chaucer young once more,
  Beaumont and Fletcher fierce with fire;
At your demand, John Milton's hand
  Shall wake his ivory lyre.

And, learning other tongues, you'll learn
  All times are one; all men one race;
Hear Homer speak, as Greek to Greek;
  See Dante, face to face.

Arma virumque shall resound;
  And Horace wreathe his rhymes afresh;
You'll rediscover Laura's lover;
  Meet Gretchen in the flesh.

Oh, could I find for the first time
  The "Churchyard Elegy" again!
Retaste the sweets of new-found Keats;
  Read Byron now as then!

Make haste to wander these old roads,
  O envied little parvenue,
For all things trite shall leap alight
  And bloom again for you!

—*Rupert Hughes, in Appleton's.*

Better Than Berries

An old school friend of the late Harriet Hosmer, the sculptress, has recently related some interesting anecdotes of her childhood. Her first modeling, it appears, came about through a blue-berrying expedition. "Hattie," as she was always called, had gone to the berry pastures with her foster-brother Alfred.

"They had tramped farther than usual, when all of a sudden Hattie stumbled upon a big clay bank. It was just as if she'd been looking for it all her life. Out went all the berries from her nearly full pail, and into the pail went big double handfuls of the soft clay.

"Then she fairly rushed home, sat down on the back doorstep, and there modeled her first figure, a representation of the little, shaggy yellow dog who was at that time her chiefest treasure. After that she never forgot the clay bank.

"Why, when she was at boarding-school with the rest of us she made casts of all our hands, and they were beautiful. She did one of Mrs. Sedgwick's, I know,—she was our head mistress,—and I remember that Mrs. Sedgwick said it was 'truly exquisite,' and wound it all over with the soft, smooth silver paper she used for her finest laces."

In a day when the athletic, outdoor girl was yet unknown, Harriet Hosmer, against all convention, at the imperative call of a free nature, rode, swam, paddled, hunted, fished, climbed, tramped, and studied nature—to the horror and dismay of the excellent housewives of her town.

"You should have seen her collections," said her old friend. "She had bugs and beetles, squirrels, rabbits and birds, and even an old fat woodchuck that she had shot and wounded herself. We girls could never see how she could do it—the things are so—so smelly—and unpleasant."

Even when her study of her art had taken her to Rome, among fellow artists and great folk who praised her and made much of her, she yet kept one relic of these happy days, oddly tucked in amid the clay and tools and glistening marbles of her studio. It was an old, dilapidated crow's-nest, the prize of a daring climb, reduced to decorous service as a darning-basket.—*Youth's Companion.*

Whittier's Pot of Butter

Once, at the close of the mid-week service held in the Friends' meeting-house, Mr. Whittier was inquiring where he could get some fresh-made butter. The next morning he received a pot of the very best butter that Pond Hills could produce. The sender, Friend Ruth Challis, was rewarded by one of those spontaneous poems with which he was wont to "burden" his friends. The original copy of the poem hangs upon the wall of the home of Ruth Challis's granddaughter, who treasures the note, given in payment of her grandmother's pot of butter, as not redeemable in silver or gold.

"Words butter no parsnips," the old adage says,
  And to fill up the trencher is better than praise,
So trust me, dear friend, that while eating thy butter,
  The thanks that I feel are far more than I utter.

Kind Providence grant thee a life without ills,
  May the cows never dry up that feed on Pond Hills,
May the cream never fail in thy cellar so cold,
  Nor thy hand lose its cunning to change it to gold.

Thrice welcome to him, who, unblest with a wife,
  Sits and bungles alone with the ripped seams of life,
Is the womanly kindness which pities his fate,
  And sews on his buttons or fills up his plate.

—*Youths' Companion.*

To Mothers

A Tribute to the Iowa Mothers' Congress.

We celebrate glories
  Of rich and great and learned,
And praised the deeds of heroes
  With glowing words that burned,
And in our songs and praises
  The kindest hearts forgot—
The simple earnest faces
  Where golden fame was not.

We overlooked the mothers—
  Those angels unaware—
Who guard with love when others
  Would bind us to our care.
Yet, in the heart of childhood,
  Their praise immortal clings,
When time defaces marble
  And bard no longer sings.

—*Alfred J. Davis.*

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

Campaign Against Bad Housing.

The City Homes' Association, of this city, has just chosen as its secretary Mr. R. L. Melendy, whose various sociological accomplishments since his student days at the University of Michigan have admirably fitted him for the arduous work which the association is now contemplating. This work will be to investigate systematically the present housing situation in those quarters of the city where insanitary tenements prevail; to check attempted evasions of the law on the part of greedy property owners; to uphold and enforce such city ordinances as apply to unfit buildings, and to secure, if possible, better laws relating to this most important branch of social endeavor. Mr. Melendy's record is that of a devoted and successful sociological worker and teacher. The association thinks it has now the right man for the place. Our well informed readers are generally aware of the appalling conditions to be found in the overcrowded districts of a large city like Chicago, although that knowledge with the majority of us is more abstract than concrete. Every city is poisoned by such conditions more or less. The great service which these social reformers perform is not so much actual amelioration by direct effort as it is the education of an inert and selfish public by the presentation of such cold, miserable facts as demonstrate the vital connection existing between the filthy, reeking houses of the poverty stricken, and our Bridewells, our Dunnings and our epidemics. Mr. Melendy has before him a great opportunity.

Sane Fourth.

A return to sanity may be looked for soon in the methods of celebrating Independence Day in this city. The leaven of noise-abatement has permeated at last to the city fathers, whose license committee is now considering which ordinance of several before it should most properly be recommended to the council for action. At a special meeting of this committee last week an overwhelming sentiment manifested itself in favor of city laws regulating the sale and use of explosives and fireworks. Three prominent downtown clubs had their representatives before the committee, and Health Commissioner Evans was also present. The proposed ordinance most in favor was the one known as the Foell-Thomson ordinance, which "prohibits the handling of fireworks by minors, allows their use by adults only after a license has been obtained, and places the dealer's license at $300. This ordinance would stand legally, according to advices from the corporation counsel's office, while one or two other ordinances proposed would not, as being ultra-drastic. The public is fairly clamoring for city legislation of this sort. Other cities are far ahead of us in the matter of Fourth of July regulation, the fatal statistics of the fifth of July have become a part of the regular program, a horrifying aftermath, while our patient toleration of the distracting din, damage and desecration of liberty has ceased utterly to smack of virtue. Chicago needs this ordinance and its rigid enforcement. The union of noise and patriotism was an unholy one and should be dissolved.

A Bad Local Mess.

A nasty muddle exists in the local political situation, which is causing bewilderment to thousands of unsophisticated voters and placing the intelligent voter, who can see a little behind the scenes, in the proverbial position between Mephisto and the raging main. The Democratic candidate for state's attorney is morally unfit for the place. He stands for the prostitution of the state's attorney's office to the interests of vice and crime, which fact is generally known and irrefutable. He is an impossible candidate from any standpoint except that of the forces of darkness. He was state's attorney once; that was enough. The contest between the present incumbent, who is justly said to be the best state's attorney we have had in years, and the present official Republican nominee, at the August primaries, is too recent history to require recital. The efforts of the vicious interests, tacitly inspired doubtless by those in high places, were the primary cause whereby the Republican party was deprived of a candidate for whom one could vote conscientiously. There is grave question, while admitting his ability as a lawyer and prosecutor, whether the skirts of the Republican nominee are not soiled in the muck of "political influence." His public utterances are not convincing. There are suspicious traces of an alliance with certain powers with which the state's attorney should be forever at war. In this state of affairs a movement is on foot which the independent voter should consider carefully. It is to urge all voters who value local purity in politics above mere partisanship to vote for a third candidate, the nominee of the Prohibition party, a man whose only disqualification is that he is relatively an unknown quantity, whose motives, character and political affiliations are above suspicion, but whose chances of election at this late date are slim. Whether to vote for the lesser of two evils, one of whom will probably be elected, as a practical measure, or to vote for the reform candidate as an ideal measure and to purge the conscience, is the problem for the perplexed voter to solve before November 3. We refer him to the editorial columns of last week's UNITY.

When He Is "Ex."

The President has already settled the question as to what he will do when he becomes the first private citizen of the land. It has been known for some months that he intends to spend a large part of the year following his departure from the White House in African travel and exploration. His proposed itinerary, according to newspaper dispatches from Washington, will be a journey northward, starting at Mombasa, the capital of British East Africa, by rail and by caravan to Victoria Nyanza, thence to the Nile valley through Uganda. While passing through the heart of the continent Mr. Roosevelt will gratify his fondness for hunting by frequent stops in wild places to pursue the African pachyderm and feline. His well known attitude in the matter of conserving natural resources, organic as well as inorganic, warrant us in the belief that he will not be a wanton Nimrod. Rumor has it that Mr. Roosevelt has contracted with certain publishers at a high figure for his to-be-written accounts of his jungle experiences. Also that he has agreed to become associate editor of the *Outlook* with Dr. Lyman Abbott. All of which is interesting if true. At any rate, no one thinks for a moment that Mr. Roosevelt will, or can, lay aside with the cares of office his boundless energy, aggressiveness and civic and political interest. The way of desuetude will not be his.

More Standard Oil Letters.

Last Saturday night a New York audience was regaled with more food for thought contained in a fresh batch of Standard Oil correspondence which was read by the picturesque Mr. Hearst. The editor's Jesuitical methods may not appeal to all civic pursuits as justifiable, but the fact remains that rottenness in Denmark exists in high places and is being brought to light in ruthless fashion. Ex-Governor Stone and former Attorney General Elkin, of Pennsylvania, are the latest victims. As in the case of Mr. Foraker and Mr. Haskell, this Pennsylvania pair will probably explode in some sort of defense and then subside into the limbo reserved for the venal. The facts are too much against them. As for 26 Broadway—its ways are no longer past finding out. It stands convicted of the worst form of corruption. It may well hearken unto the words of our modern Jeremiahs, for a day of reckoning and of change must come.

Illinois Central to Be Electrified.

We refer with pleasure to the action of both stockholders and directors of the Illinois Central at their recent annual meetings regarding the public demand for electrification of the road's city terminals. Strong resolutions were unanimously passed by both bodies endorsing the proposition to electrify, and promising speedy consideration of plans. The city's preliminary move of having a careful report by an expert engineer prepared and printed and ready to lay before the railroad's directors when they met, was undoubtedly a large factor in bringing about acquiescence to popular demand. Electrification will mean better service, decrease of operating expense, increased facilities for handling freight and passengers, purer air, a check in the decline of property values along the south shore, less noise and no smoke.

P. S. W.

Belief

See where, along the grimed and stormy street,
The brown, small sparrow under Winter's stress
Pecks his poor food, and thanks with twittering sweet,—
Man, shall thy faith be less ?

And there where turbid waters fall apart,
From hidden depths of tangled ooze and mire,
The tall white lily lifts its golden heart,—
Soul, shalt not thou aspire?

—*Mary Elizabeth Blake.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

The Reorganized Church of Geneva.

It is now just about a month since the much debated constitution for the reorganization of the National Protestant Church of Geneva was submitted to the Protestant voters of the canton for acceptance or rejection. It represented one full year of the most serious, conscientious, prayerful and sincere study and labor on the part, first, of the preliminary Committee of 19, and later of the duly elected Constitutional Assembly. As previous articles have shown, the divergences of view had been radical and pronounced, but the loving Spirit of God was in all hearts, his presence was manifest in all the deliberations, and stronger than all divergence on points of organization was the unifying determination that the dear historic church with its precious privileges and associations must not be broken up or become anything less inclusive than it had been. This it was that has made the whole course of events there since the really unexpected vote of Separation, June 30, 1907, so deeply interesting and inspiring. It must have been with even more than the usual sense of solemnity and fitness that, in accordance with Swiss custom, the voters took their way to the poles on Sunday, September 27, to determine the future of that church which once practically *was* Geneva. The law abolishing the budget of worship goes into effect January 1st next, and if this carefully elaborated constitution failed of adoption the few remaining months would leave no possibility of providing an adequate substitute. But it did not fail. The constitution in pamphlet form lies before me showing how, by mutual concessions, the characteristics dear to the national heart are largely retained. Section 1 is the declaration: The National Protestant Church of Geneva recognizes as its sole head Jesus Christ, Savior of men.

An integral part of the Church Universal, heir and successor of the church founded by the General Council of Geneva, May 21, 1836, it is allied with all churches born, like itself, of the Reformation, and maintains particularly close relations with the Reformed churches of Switzerland.

The Bible, freely interprteed by the light of the Christian conscience and of science, forms the basis of its teaching, and it is considered to be the duty of every member to have personal and well-digested convictions.

Its doors stand open to all Protestants of the canton of Geneva without imposing upon them any creed. Its aim is to group and unite them in a spirit of justice and brotherhood with a view to their religious and ethical development.

The church labors for the advancement of the Kingdom of God on earth, through the Gospel, source of eternal life and of individual and social progress.

Section 3 contains the much discussed articles regarding membership and electoral rights as follows:

The members of the National Protestant Church of Geneva are all Geneva Protestants and all Protestant residents of the canton, who consider themselves as belonging to it. Any one can cease to be a member at any time upon a simple declaration to that effect.

The voters are Swiss citizens, members of the church, in the full exercise of their political rights in the canton, who shall voluntarily, or on invitation from the church, have expressed a wish to be enrolled upon its register. Also Genevan male members of the church, residing outside the canton, who have asked to be inscribed upon the electoral register. But no one shall be entered or kept upon such register against his will.

The administration of the affairs of the church as a whole remains, as it has been of late years, in the hands of the Consistory, composed of 40 members (9 pastors and 31 laymen) chosen from the voters 25 years of age or over, with the Pastors' Association, once the dominant body, as a sort of advisory council, and with parish councils to look after the welfare of each individual church.

The ministers are divided into three classes: pastors, assistant pastors, and substitutes. Each pastor teaches and preaches on his own responsibility unhampered by any confession of faith or liturgical formulas. The bounds of his parish and the amount of salary, to be paid from the central treasury, are fixed by the Consistory. Every resident of a given parish has a right to all service from its pastor, or pastors, free.

Candidates for the ministry must be graduates of the Theological Faculty of the University of Geneva or hold a theological degree recognized as equivalent by that university.

As for the finances, there is to be a central treasury in the hands of the Consistory. The funds for general administrative purposes and those for benevolent work are to be kept distinct. Sources of revenue are: annual contributions from members, gifts and bequests, and income from invested funds.

Every member is under moral obligation to contribute to church support.

All church and parish buildings are to be turned over to the parishes for general care, but any extensive repairs shall be paid for by the Consistory.

An interesting provision is that whereby a minority may be accorded the use of the parish church at certain times not conflicting with its use by the majority, provided such minority remain members of the church and conform to its general regulations.

Enough has been said to show how this constitution differs in several respects from any with which most of us are familiar; previous articles have pointed out the historic reasons for this divergence. The constitution was accepted by a vote of 4,531 to 31.

M. E. H.

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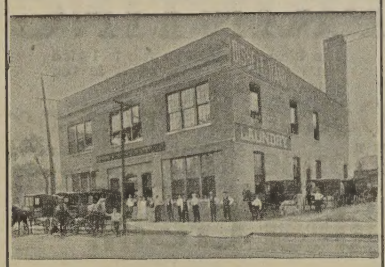

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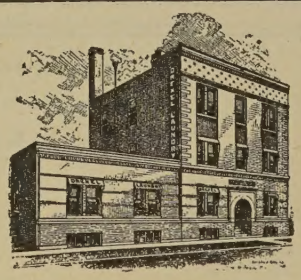

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